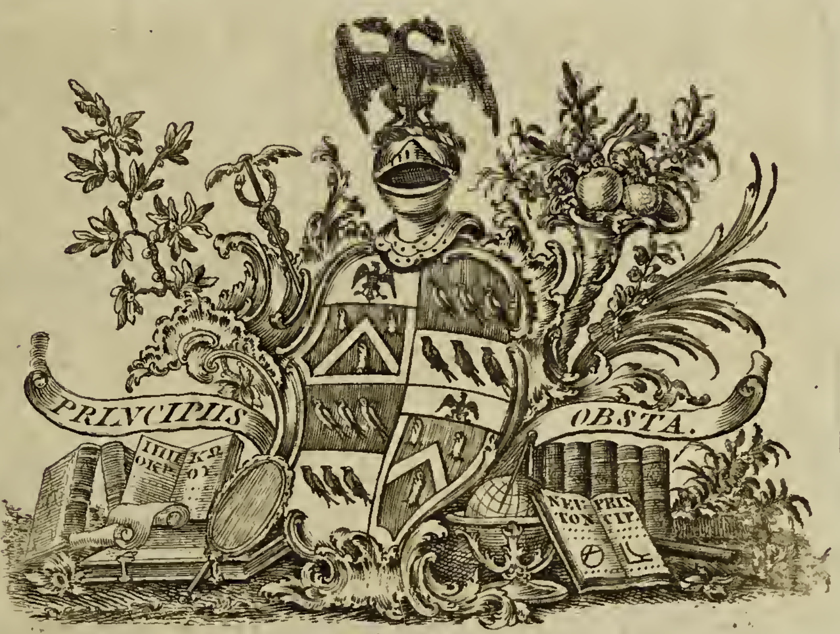
(6)

FRAGMENTVM
ISAACI HAWKINS BROWNE, ARM.
COMPLETVM.
ANTI-BOLINGBROKIVS. LIBER SECVNDVS.
RELIGIO MEDICI ALTERA.

ADIECTA VERSIONE ANGLICA:
AVCTORE D. GVLIELMO BROWNE, EQV. AVR.
COLLEGII MEDICORVM LONDINENSIS
NVPER PRAESIDE, NVNC PATRE:
SOCIETATIS REGIAE
SODALI.



——————————— *Quod magis ad nos*
Pertinet, et neſcire malum eſt, agitamus; utrumne
Divitiis homines, an ſint virtute beati:
Quidve ad amicitias, uſus rectumne trahat nos:
Et quae ſit natura boni, ſummumque, quid ejus.
Scilicet uni aequus virtuti, atque ejus amicis. Hor.

Sic multas hyemes, ac ſeptuageſſima *vidit*
Solſtitia, his armis, illa *quoque tutus in* aula. Ivv.

LONDON, MDCCLXIX.
Printed and Sold, by W. Owen, near Temple-bar.
Price One Shilling Six Pence.

To Dr Aſkew, *from the Author.*

INGENIOSISSIMO,

OPTIMOQVE

IVVENI,

ISAACO HAWKINS BROWNE, ARM.

FILIO

ISAACI HAWKINS BROWNE, ARM.

FRAGMENTVM

PATRIS

COMPLETVM

STVDIOSISSIME

INSCRIBITVR,

A FIDO EORVM AMICO.

BATHONIAE, XII CALENDAS DECEMBRIS, MDCCLXVIII.

LIBRARY

MONITVM.

SVSCEPTVM meum Amici *Fragmentum*, qua poſſem, complere adeo pergratum mihi viſum eſt opus, vel inter ſuaviſſimas amoenitates, jucundiſſimaque Bathoniae colloquia, ut plus feſtinationis, ſi permultas ibi avocationes reſpicias, in hoc praeſtando, quam in *Verſione* iſta priori exercuerim. Hoc unum eſt in votis, ut id ipſum utrique illorum tale damnum haud adtulerit, quod vix, aut ne vix quidem, ignoſci debuerit. Stilum Amici imitatus ſum quantum potui; id maxime, ſed fruſtra, ambiens, *ut non tam Auctoris amicus*, *quam Auctor ipſe*, *ſibi ſuperſtes*, complendo et *edendo* Anti-Bolingbrokio *incumbere videretur:* quod, quidem, ipſum jure merito dictum cernimus, de Abbate Rothelino, *disjecta membra* colligente, preloque totum aptante, mortui ejus amici *Cardinalis Poliniaci* Anti-Lucretium; qui tamen et falcem et finem ab ultima manu plurimum adhuc deſiderat: hoc pariter verum eſt, quoad partem meam, de *Anti-Bolingbrokio.* Qui vere dici poteſt *Anti-Lucretius-Anglicus.*

STABAT

HONORABILIS PRO MERITO VIR,

D. GVLIELMVS MVRRAY, ARMIGER,

SOLICITATOR, VT VOCATVR, GENERALIS,

CONTRA COLLEGIVM:

HONORATVS SVPRA MERITVM VIR,

D. GVLIELMVS BROWNE, EQVES,

EIVSDEM, VT DICITVR, PROPRAESES,

PRO COLLEGIO.

Aut retortis MAVRI jaculis:

Aut vagatis FVSCI manibus.

MDCCLIII.

TO THE MOST INGENIOUS,

AND MOST VIRTUOUS

YOUTH,

ISAAC HAWKINS BROWNE, ESQ.

SON OF

ISAAC HAWKINS BROWNE, ESQ.

THE FRAGMENT

OF HIS FATHER

COMPLETED,

IS MOST AFFECTIONATELY

INSCRIBED,

BY THEIR FAITHFUL FRIEND.

BATH, NOVEMBER XX, MDCCLXVIII.

ADVERTISEMENT.

MY *undertaking to complete, as well as I could, the* Fragment *of my Friend, Bath appeared to me ſo very entertaining a work, even amongſt the moſt charming delights, and moſt chearful converſations at Bath; that I have uſed more expedition, if the very many avocations there be conſidered, in performing this, than in that former* Tranſlation. *I have onely to wiſh, that this very thing may not have proved of ſuch prejudice to both of them, as ſcarcely, or not at all, ought to be pardoned. I have imitated the ſtile of my Friend, as cloſely as I was able; being extremely, but in vain, ambitious,* that rather than the Author's friend, the Author himſelf, ſurviving himſelf, might ſeem to attend the *completing and* publiſhing *Anti-Bolingbrokius: which very thing, indeed, we ſee moſt juſtly ſaid, of* Abbé Rothelin, *collecting the* ſcattered remains, *and praeparing the whole for the preſs, his deceaſed friend* Cardinal Polignac's *Anti-Lucretius; which however ſtill very much wants both pruning and finiſhing by a laſt hand: this is aequally true, as to my ſhare, of* Anti-Bolingbrokius. *Which may be truely called* Anti-Lucretius-Anglicus.

To Iſaac Hawkins Browne, Eſq.
Son of his deceaſed Friend,
Iſaac Hawkins Browne, Eſq.
On coming of age, December 7, 1766.
Sir William Browne ſends Congratulation.

Sequiturque Patrem, O SIT ! *paſſibus aequis.*
His father's great example is his view:
O MAY HE ! *that, with aequal pace perſue.*

NO full-blown Flow'r ſo beauteous can appear,
As Youth, attaining the maturing year !
When, with the body's ſhining form, are join'd
The much more ſhining beauties of the mind :
When Innocence, in her bright robe array'd,
Shews Virtue's luſtre, without Vice's ſhade.
Hail happy Youth ! whoſe admirable bloom
Gives a glad proſpect of all joys to come !
GOOD-NATURE, ſweetly ſmiling in the face,
Lays clame to be the introducing grace.
Next Ingenuity, with juſt praetence,
Pleads the high merit of ſuperior ſenſe.
Wit furniſhes the ſalutary laugh :
And Repartee's a ſport, like quarter-ſtaff.
Learning advances, with her radiant pow'rs,
Ready to pour forth all her hoarded ſtores :
But Modeſty forbids, with bluſhing cheek,
Being much better pleas'd to hear, than ſpeak.
Humanity, on all occaſions ſhewn,
Takes every human caſe to be her own.
Compaſſion, with her lowly look, appears;
And on diſtreſs ſpares not her falling tears.
Charity adds her ſeaſonable aid;
And the afflicted wretch is happy made.
Bleſt Generoſity can never grieve;
Since, *there's more joy to give, than to receive.*
Truth bids defiance to the pow'r of lies:
Her naked charms abhor all baſe diſguiſe.
Prudence, attending at each dang'rous paſs,
Points the ſafe road, by holding out her glaſs.
Juſtice, in every article praevales,
And ſhews to all the world her aequal ſcales.
Calm Temperance a life of health commands;
With her curb-bridle ever in her hands.
Fortitude, againſt Fortune ſteels the breaſt;
On her firm pillar, always ſure to reſt.
Patience, inſtructed all things to indure,
Lightens each evil, that admits no cure.
Friendſhip a ſecond deareſt ſelf will give:
Charm'd with her chaſte delights, you'll doubly live.
Religion, from whom all true joy is given,
The joys of earth concludes, with joys of Heaven.

FRAGMENTVM

FRAGMENTVM COMPLETVM.

ANTI-BOLINGBROKIVS. LIBER SECVNDVS.

RELIGIO MEDICI ALTERA.

QVID ſequitur? Malus ille ſibi num facta probaret
Iſta eadem abs aliis, aliis quae fecerat ipſe?
Scilicet uxorem a moechis, natas violari
Vellet et optaret, qui crimina tanta patrârat?
Num furta, atque neces, incenſaſque ignibus aedes,
Aut apud illum ipsum, charos aut inter amicos,
Et *ſiccis oculis*, felix hic cernere poſſet?
Num genus omne boni qui ſic neſciverit, et qui
Omne mali genus ipſe facit, patiturque, putaret
Hunc tamen interea ſe funditus eſſe beatum?
Stoica tam inſanis, en, victa ſuperbia dictis!
Ad ſummum uſque gradum, ſolita eſt ſpreviſſe dolorem:
Sed

FRAGMENT COMPLETED.

ANTI-BOLINGBROKIVS. BOOK SECOND.

A SECOND RELIGIO MEDICI.

WHAT follows? Wou'd this man, from others, own
The ſame things right, which he to them had done?
Wou'd he who whor'd his neighbour's wife, and child,
Be as well pleas'd, to have his own defil'd?
Were houſes fir'd, robb'ries, and murders done,
Or in the caſe of friends, or in his own,
Cou'd, with dry eyes, *this happy man look on?*
Cou'd he, who thus does not one good poſſeſs,
Who ev'ry ill both feels, and practiſes,
Yet think, that this is perfect happineſs?
This madneſs ev'n excedes the Stoic's pride!
He pain, in its extreme degree, defied:

 By

Sed quamquam nihil inde mali ſibi cedere poſſe,
Non adeo abſurda, ut ſe diceret inde beari.
Felicem vitiis propriis ſe credere poſſit
Quiſque Epicuraeus, dum gaudia ſola ſuperſint:
Crimina ſed patiens aliorum, ait, altera ſors eſt,
Ceſſavitque omnis, nunc *empta dolore*, *voluptas.*
Verum age, fac jam ſit contentus, nonne beatus?
* *Quod ſatis eſt feſtum*, dicunt, *aequaverit amplum.*
Num quis, ais, noſtrûm poſſit felicior eſſe,
Quam qui contentus? Contentum, aio, eſſe neceſſe eſt,
Ut vir ſit felix: vero niſi tam ratione,
Quam quoque ſorte ſua contentus, nemo beatus
Re vera vel dictus erit, vel creditus ipſi.

* *Eo illud ſatiu'ſt ſatis, quod ſatis eſt.* Plautus, Poenul. Act. I. Sc. II. v. 75.

By him though it no ill was underſtood,
He never err'd ſo far, to hold it good.
Ev'ry Epicuraean may rejoice,
During delight, that vice has been his choice:
But when the crimes of others break his peace,
His lot will then be own'd a diff'rent caſe;
Now bought with pain, *ſoon will all* pleaſure *ceaſe.*
But come, ſuppoſe him pleas'd: is he not thought
Happy, who is contented with his lot?
Enough, *as by the proverb is expreſt,*
Is ever equal to the fulleſt feaſt.
Can any more by happineſs be meant,
You ſay, than that the mind ſhou'd be content?
Content is moſt eſſential indeed
To real happineſs, it is agreed:
But unleſs our right reaſon's ſolid weight
Has its full ſhare, in this contented ſtate,
None truely can this happy title bear;
Nor truely happy to himſelf appear.

This

Stultus ſtultorum hic Paradiſus habebitur omni
Ab ſapiente nihil : cui mens haerebit inepte.
Miror! ſic noſtrum prave ceciniſſe * Poëtam !
Principibus certe merito benedicere poſſis,
Qui latum imperium, magnum nomenve ſequuntur
Armis : dum proprio doceant errore beatam
Sortem haud eſſe aliud, quam quod ſibi quiſque putabit.
Nonne, rogo, hic vitiis contentos cernere poſſet?
Nonne quod ipſa homines ſatiaret dira voluptas?
Hosne is felices dicat? Tunc quiſque beatur,
Horrendum! facinus quodcumque placebit agendo.
Tunc Daemon, poenae damnatus et ipſe perenni,
Horreſco referens! poſſit tamen eſſe beatus!

* *Poems. By* Prior.

Cerneret

This is no more than a fool's Paradiſe,
Which will be judg'd juſt nothing by the wiſe :
Wond'ring the mind ſo vain a ſtate ſhou'd priſe.
*Strange! that our * Poët this ſhou'd patroniſe!*
Bleſt be the Princes, who have fought,
For pompous name, or wide dominion :
Since by their error we are taught,
That Happineſs is but Opinion.
What, cou'd he not, I aſk, ſee thoſe content,
Who by their crimes ceaſe to be innocent?
Did he not men ſooth'd by dire pleaſure ſee?
And cou'd he think, that theſe can happy be?
Then, horrid thought! all pleaſing wickedneſs
Muſt the deteſted perpetrator bleſs!
Then, though condemn'd to everlaſting pain,
With trembling, I this conſequence explane!
The Devil too may happineſs obtain!

 He

Cerneret hic mania contentos, ſeque putantes
Reges, reginaſque, genu flexumque jubentes.
Suntne ideo reges hi, reginaeque, beati?
Nonne etiam in ſomnis contentos credimus ipſos,
Somnia dum circum praecordia dulcia ludant?
Verum ubi jam vigil eſt animus, propriumque vigorem
Obtinet, his pudet illuſum ſe fallere fucis.
Quanto alius, qui contentus ratione beatur!
Solos felices viventes clamat, in omne
Officium, Virtus quod poſtulet ipſa, paratos.
Nempe *beat caelo*, atque *mori vetat* unica Virtus!
Eſto, ſed dices. *Non omnia poſſumus omnes.*
Confiteor: ſurge ergo, ac totas exſere vires.
Nam quantum poſſis, hoc eſt in munere veſtro:
Quanto plus poteris, tanto felicior ibis!

A T

He might thoſe too content in madneſs ſee,
Kings, and queens, challenging the bended knee.
Muſt all ſuch kings, and queens then happy be?
Do we not alſo ſeem in ſleep content,
While roving thoughts a pleaſing dream praeſent?
But, when the waking mind regains her ſenſe,
She ſcorns ſuch ſelf-deceiving influence.
How diff'rent he, whom reaſon ſhall content!
He holds none happy but the innocent:
Thoſe, who with pleaſure ever ready ſtand,
To execute what Virtue ſhall command.
Heav'n's bleſſing comes, onely, through Virtue's hand!
Grant this, you'll ſay. All cannot all things do.
Agreed: rouſe then, your beſt endeavors ſhew.
All that you can, you muſt your duty ſee:
The more you can, the happier you will be!

BUT

AT Numen *juſtumque*, *bonumque*, haud nobilis Auctor
Agnoſcit. Nam idea haec et *juſti* noſtra *bonique*
Rebus, ait, noſtris tantum, haud caeleſtibus apta eſt.
Mirum! quantum ex hoc fertur diſcrimine damni!
Dicere vix auſim, quonam haec dementia ſerpat:
Nam cur, lege pari, Numen ſapienſque, potenſque
Admittat? Quoniam certe *ſapientia noſtra*
Haud magis aptanda eſt, aut *noſtra potentia* Divo.
Idcirco ad finem, ſibi Divus habebitur omni
Privatus lucis radio, noctique remiſſus.
Numinis unde *bonus cultor*, nunc *Atheus* exit!
Verum *juſtitiam* Divo haud *dat* homo, aut *bonitatem:*
Iſta tributa fluant Illi infinita neceſſe eſt;
Humana inde Illi haud adfigere crimina poſſis.

Haud

BUT our fam'd Author holds it moſt profane,
That we ſhou'd God or juſt, *or* good *maintain:*
Becauſe, he ſays, theſe our ideas *join*
With human *ſubjects onely*, not divine.
Strange! how great hurt from ſuch diſtinction flows!
I ſcarce dare ſay, how far this madneſs goes:
For, by the ſelf-ſame rule, *how can he ſhew*
God wiſe and pow'rful? *theſe ideas too*
Being both human, *and in courſe* not true.
So, in the end, his God appears we ſee,
Stript of all light, quite in the dark to be:
So, Atheiſm *crowns his* infidelity!
But God nor juſtice, *nor His* goodneſs owes
To man; *each infinite, and neceſſary flows,*
As His eſſential attribute: from thence no ſtain
Of human kind, in Him, a place can gain.

C He

Haud umquam *his faveat, ſit inexorabilis illis :*
Dum tamen hanc terram Rector ſpectabit Olympi,
* *Hae* ſibi *erunt artes ; paciſque imponere morem,*
Parcere ſubjectis, et debellare ſuperbos.
Dona, preceſque Deo, cui ipſos *nos, noſtraque,* toti
Debemus, gratos nos explicuere ſolutae :
Sic Dominum colimus parvo, ex quo cuncta tenemus.
I nunc, *muneribus* dic *nos corrumpere* Divum !
Exoſus vero tibi cernitur eſſe ſacerdos !
Dempto forte Deo, cenſes non poſſe miniſtro
Eſſe locum. Aſt alias, dic nobis, quid magis aptum,
Quid Divi in cultu, poſſit magis eſſe decorum,
Quam ſanctum hoc munus doctis mandare miniſtris ?
Qui doceant ignaros, admoneantque ſcientes,
Immemores tamen officii, ſua munera quae ſint ;
† *Quantum Relligio poterit ſuadere* bonorum !

* Virgilius, Aen. VI. v. 852. † Lucretius, L. I. v. 102.

Nil

He never poſſibly can partial *prove,*
Nor, without cauſe, ſome hate, *and* others love :
But while this earth Heav'n's King ſhall have in view,
* Theſe *He will make* His arts ; peace to perſue,
Indulge the humble, and the proud ſubdue !
Our gifts *and* pray'rs *to God, to whom* we owe
Ourſelves, and all we have, *our duety ſhew :*
So, by ſmall payment, we our Lord confeſs,
From whom we hold the whole, that we poſſeſs.
Go now, and theſe our corrupt bribes *profeſs !*
But your chief hatred ſeems aim'd at the prieſt !
Perhaps, God once remov'd, you think at leaſt
His miniſter ſhou'd follow. Otherwiſe,
Say, in God's worſhip, what can we deviſe
More proper, what more decent can be ſeen,
Than to commit this charge to learned men ?
To teach the ignorant, the wiſe remind,
Shou'd they forget, what are their taſks aſſign'd ;
† What *joys* Relligion dictates to mankind !

Now

Nil illi proſunt haec Divo *dona*, *preceſque:*
Accipit has Divus, pauperque vicarius illa.
Nec *vano* mentem complet *terrore* ſacerdos:
Nec *faſtu* quodam interea diſtendit *inani.*
Prodigia, haud aliud quam vox divina, loquuntur:
* *Diſcite juſtitiam moniti, et non temnere* Divum*!*
Quod ſoli haec homini facta eſt, nil tale merenti,
Pulchra orbis facies, demonſtrant omnia. Nonne
Unicus incedit dominus: dum illi quoque parent,
Et famulant animalia cetera cuncta libenter?
Regiaque huic domino, *dominoque aptiſſima tanto*,
Tellus exſtructa, hanc habitaret dum integer ipſe;
Criminibus *tellus eadem*, heu! *mortalibus aegris*
Informe hoſpitium eſt, *et carcere foedius omni.*
I nunc, te *doceat rerum experientia ſolers!*

* Virgilius, Aen. VI. v. 620.

Nonne

Now from theſe gifts, *and* pray'rs *to God*, *the prieſt*
Cannot derive the ſmalleſt intereſt:
God to himſelf kindly accepts the pray'r;
The gift *the poor*, *by his aſſignment*, *ſhare.*
No crafty terror *has the prieſt ſupplied:*
Nor puff'd the mind up with as groundleſs pride.
Each prodigy, *the voice of Heaven*, *cries:*
* Learn juſtice warn'd, and not your God deſpiſe,
That this our globe's moſt admirable plan
Was ſolely form'd, *for undeſerving man*,
All things demonſtrate. Does he not appear
The lord poſſeſs'd of all? Does he not hear
His voice command an univerſal ſway?
Do not all other animals obey,
And to his rule ready ſubmiſſion pay?
This charming ſeat, that was, at firſt, deſign'd
As a moſt proper palace for mankind;
By ſin how chang'd! we now may juſtly call,
A filthy goal, a frightful hoſpital!
Go now, *and down to* wiſe experience *fall!*

Are

Nonne univerſum cuncta effunduntur in orbem
Crimina? Nonne obſtat virtuti ibi prava libido?
Nonne fere exſtinxit rationem dira voluptas?
Nonne opus eſt, ut vel taeda haecce reluceat; aut hac
Divina meliore Deus ſe luce revelet;
Peccanteſque ſatis jam abſterreat hosce gigantes,
Audaces tentent ne ſcandere rurſus Olympum?
Sed prompte *exponis, quae ſit ſententia veſtra.*
Nempe hoc tu *ſtatuis. Stabili res ordine pergunt,*
Ordine quaeque ſuo: ſic primo ab origine mundi
Juſſerat Omnipotens. Hoc eſt. Poſt condita cuncta
Uno in momento, * *Divi natura neceſſe eſt,*

* Lucretius. L. I. v. 57.

Immortali

Are not all crimes diffus'd the globe around?
Does not vile paſſion virtue here confound?
Does not dire pleaſure here our reaſon blind?
Do we not want a new-inlighten'd mind;
Or, that with brighter light God wou'd revele
Himſelf, and make theſe ſinning giants feel
His wrath in mature time: leſt ſo profane
They ſhou'd ev'n dare, to ſcale Heav'n's walls again?
But readily you now expoſe your crede:
Here *you will* hold. All things in courſe procede:
As their Almighty Author firſt decreed.
That is. One moment muſt creation cloſe:
For ever thence, * the Divine Nature ſhews,

 God

Immortali aevo ſumma cum pace fruatur,
Semota ab noſtris rebus, ſejunctaque longe:
Nam privata dolore omni, privata periclis,
Ipſa ſuis pollens opibus, nihil indiga noſtri,
Nec bene promeritis capitur, nec tangitur ira.
Heu! veteri ingenio, tu vane, videberis uti,
Virtutem ac *rationem* ut gaudens *perdere* poſſis!
QVI caſtam vero virtutem quaerere nolit,
Iunonem facilem colet unuſquiſque magiſtram:
Felicemque in congreſſu dum ſe quoque jactat,
Is pictam praeter nubem haud amplectitur ullam.
Huic ſi qui forſan morbo medeantur amato,
Sanumque aegroto valeant jam reddere ſenſum;

Cum

God muſt out of neceſſity retire,
And an immortal age in peace acquire;
From our concerns far diſtant muſt he be,
Far ev'n from thought, that there are ſuch as we:
For free from pain, from ev'ry danger free,
Wanting not us, in ſelf-ſufficiency,
Nor pleas'd with merit, nor can angry be.
Alas! old wit will you, vain man, employ.
Virtue, *and* reaſon *gladly to* deſtroy!
BVT, from chaſte Virtue, who thus chuſe to fly,
Soon to ſome ſmiling Iuno will apply:
And while her ſeeming favors make them proud,
In fact will but embrace a painted cloud.
In this love-caſe, ſhou'd ſome a cure commence,
And with ſucceſs reſtore their baniſh'd ſenſe;

 * O Friends!

* *Cum redit ad ſeſe : pol, me occidiſtis, amici !*
Non ſervaſtis, ait, cui ſic extorta voluptas ;
Et demptus per vim mentis gratiſſimus error !
Non opus eſſe Iovi, credo, hunc in Tartara mitti,
Perpetuamque rotam addici pro crimine poenam :
Nam circum in terris his nubibus uſque rotatus,
† *Volvitur Ixion, et ſe ſequiturque, fugitque ;*
Momento a votis ſtabilem nec ſe tenet uno,
Centauros natos generans, nataſque chimaeras !
Nil differt tibi, ais, ſit necne haec vita futura,
Verum *eſſe*, aut *non eſſe*, haud ullae res mage diſtant :
Perpendenda tibi eſt ea ſeria regula ſaltem ;
Crimine qui ſocio periere, pudore reſurgent !
Verum criminibus tandem dum oppreſſa jaceret,
Maxime tunc Graios illuſtrans, atque Quirites,
Quid docuit ratio ? *Plures ſine limite Divos :*
Humanamque omni excedeutes crimine gentem !

* Horatius, Epiſt. II. L. II. v. 138. † Ovidius, Metam. L. IV. v. 461.

Quid

* O Friends ! you kill, not cure, *the patients cry*,
While thus you rob us of our fav'rite joy ;
And dear deluſion of the mind deſtroy !
But Jove, I think, need not diſpatch theſe hence,
To an infernal wheel, for their offence :
For here on earth, by painted clouds whirl'd round,
Ixion's fate their puniſhment is found.
† Each, on his wheel, himſelf flies, and perſues ;
Nor ſtops one moment from his reſtleſs views,
But baſtard-centaurs and chimaeras ſhews.
Whether, or not, a future life commence,
You ſay, with you can make no difference ;
But ſure you can no greater difference ſee,
Than this, either to be, *or* not to be :
This ſerious rule, at leaſt, one thought might clame ;
Who die with guilt, will riſe again with ſhame !
But while with crimes oppreſs'd our reaſon lay,
What to fam'd Greeks, and Romans cou'd it ſay ?
Gods many, without limit, it ordain'd :
And thoſe with worſe than human vices ſtain'd.

What

Quid vero docuit magno ſub Socrate? *Solum*
Vnumque eſſe Deum: vitamque impendere vero!
Nonne, parans autem lethalem haurire cicutam,
Gallum volt Divo jam ſacrificare ſalutis?
Forte jocum ut medicis gratum ſacraret amicis;
Si quem alium, ſe velle ſuum prius addere Divum.
Quos Romae mores ratio monſtrare valebat?
Praecipiunt *nulli* * Ciceronis verba nocere,
Vindictam *niſi* fors *injuria* certa *laceſſat.*
Sed, credo a Chriſto, † ſatyrae ſententia quanto
Iuſtior! *Infirmi eſt animi, exiguique voluptas*
Vltio. Chriſtus ait. *Tibi quod vis, feceris omni.*
En! quae caeca jacet rationis taeda, ſuo jam
Lumine tacta, magis, magis et, rediviva relucet!

* *Ne cui quis noceat, niſi laceſſitus injuria.* Cicero, De Officiis. L. I. S. 7.
† Iuvenalis, Sat. XIII. v. 191. *Chriſtum citans, ſaltem ſequens.*

Exortus

What cou'd it through great Socrates revele?
One onely God: and death the truth to ſeal.
But, did he not, praeparing for his fate,
A cock to Aeſculapius conſecrate?
A joke perhaps to Phyſic he refers;
If one God more he own'd, it ſhou'd be hers.
What morals to the Romans cou'd it ſhew?
* *Cicero's words command* no harm to do;
Unleſs reſentment for ſome wrong you owe.
But, ſure from Chriſt, we in the † ſatyr find!
Revenge can onely pleaſe a little mind!
Chriſt ſays. The ſame to ev'ry other do,
Which you wou'd wiſh, with reaſon, done to you.
Lo! reaſon, which ſo long in darkneſs lay,
Touch'd by His light, reſumes a brighter ray.

The

Exortus jam nunc *juſti Sol ſplendet et aequi*,
Quamquam hinc demiſſus, Caelo cito redditus alto!
Hujus adoravit radios gens cuncta benignos,
Peccati ab diris redimi gaviſa tenebris:
Ipſo ni ſoliti obcaecari in ſole bubones.
  AT miror! *contra ſtimulos* cur *calcitret* Auctor
Ingenio illuſtris, quem *ſe proſtraſſe* putarem,
Pauli inſtar, *tanta dum* Chriſtus *luce niteret!*
Cum tamen huic, laeſa mox majeſtate periret
Nobilitas ſua; Rex, vel ſi voluiſſet, eandem
Virtutem penitus temnenti haud reddere poſſet.
* *Nobilitas*, etenim, vera *eſt atque unica Virtus*.

* Iuvenalis, Sat. VIII. v. 20.

De FRAGMENTO jure dici poteſt.

—— Πλέον ἥμισυ παντός. HESIODUS.

FINIS.

The Sun of Righteouſneſs, *which lately ſhone*
On earth, is to His native Heaven gone.
His genial rays bleſs ev'ry mortal's ſight,
Glad to be ranſom'd from ſin's diſmal night:
Excepting owls, who become blind by light.
  BUT I admire! ſo great a genius known,
Kicking the pricks, ſhou'd not, *like Paul*, fall down,
Now *Chriſt* around ſo bright a light has thrown.
Yet when ſtain'd foul with treaſon he retir'd,
And his nobility in guilt expir'd;
The King, had he the will, had not the pow'r,
Virtue ſo ſcorn'd, his honor to reſtore.
For, * that is true nobility alone:
Where Virtue has in its full luſtre ſhone!

Of the FRAGMENT it may juſtly be ſaid.

—— The half excedes the whole. HESIOD.

Erratum in Title, line penult. for Septuageſſima read, Septuageſima

END.

Corrige v. 164 Bubones ni ipſo obcaecari in ſole notati.